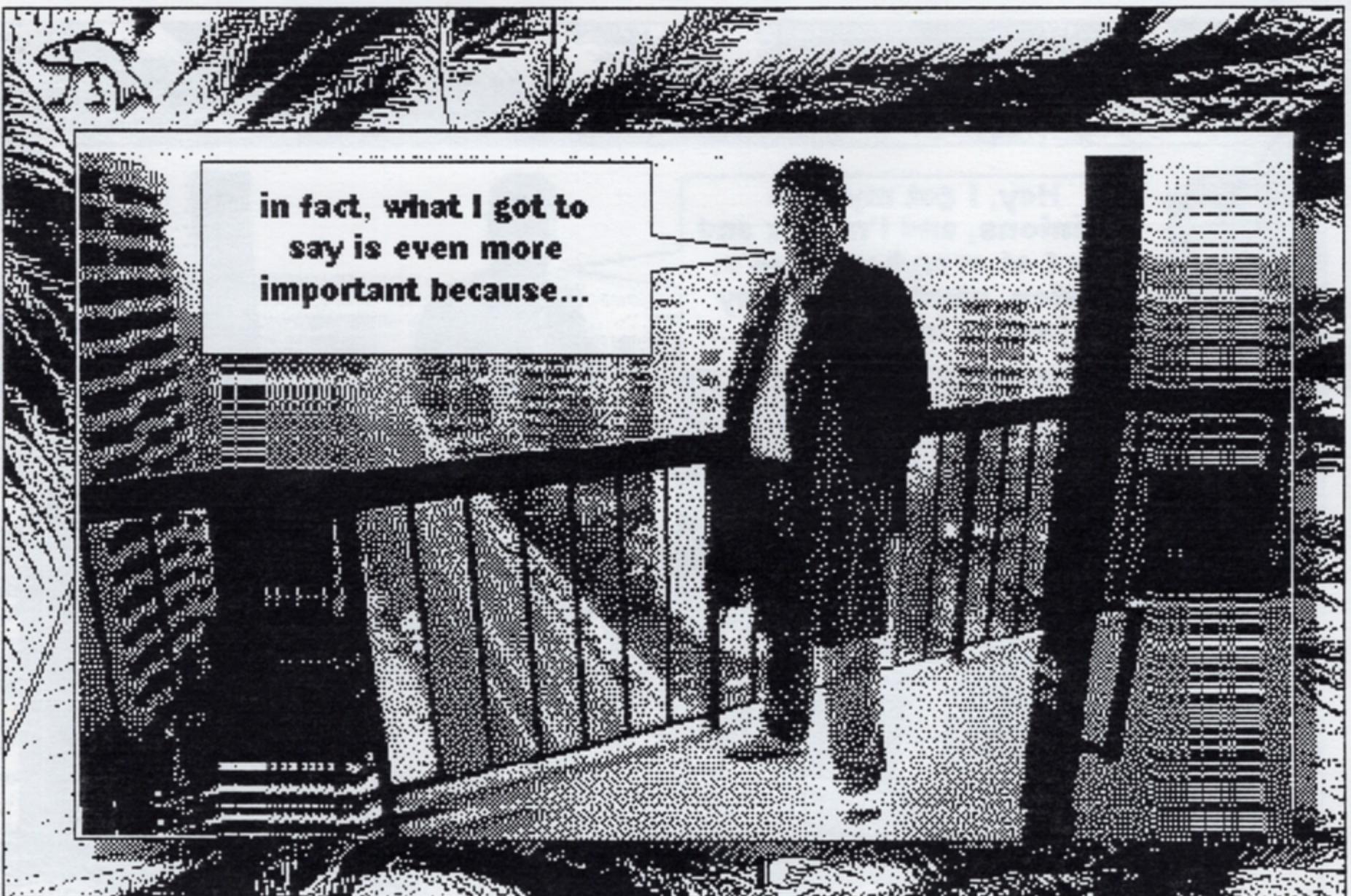
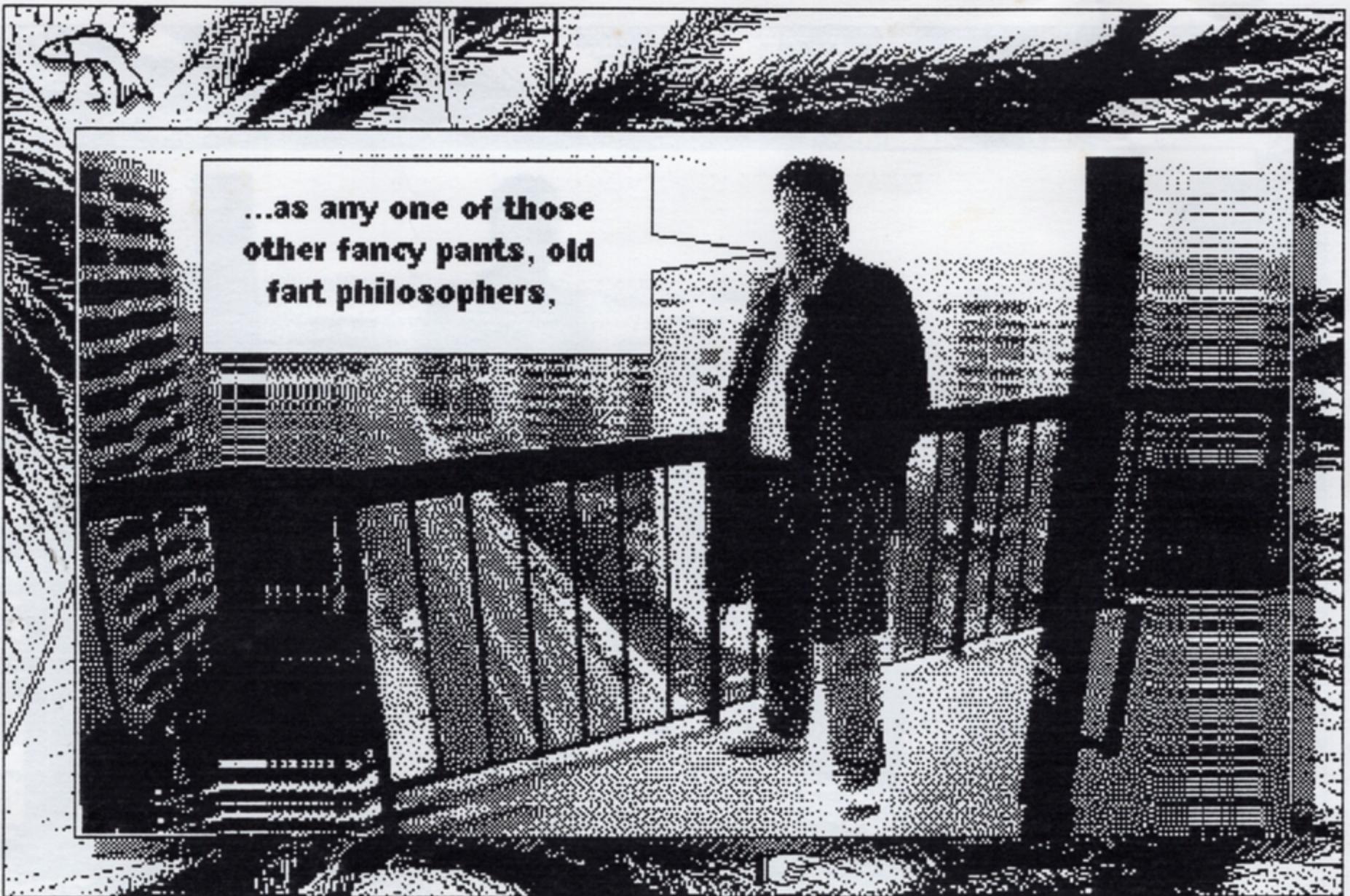
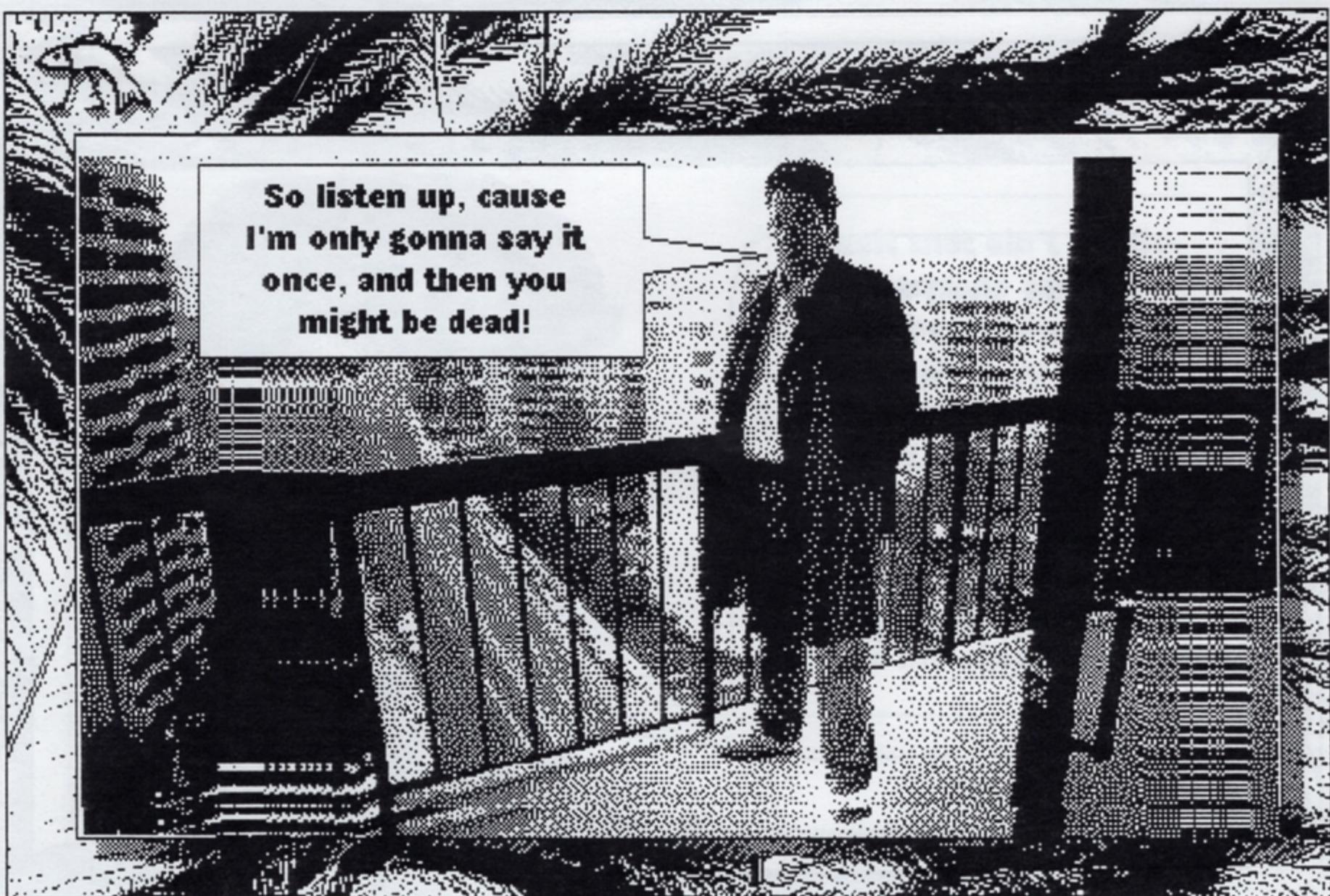


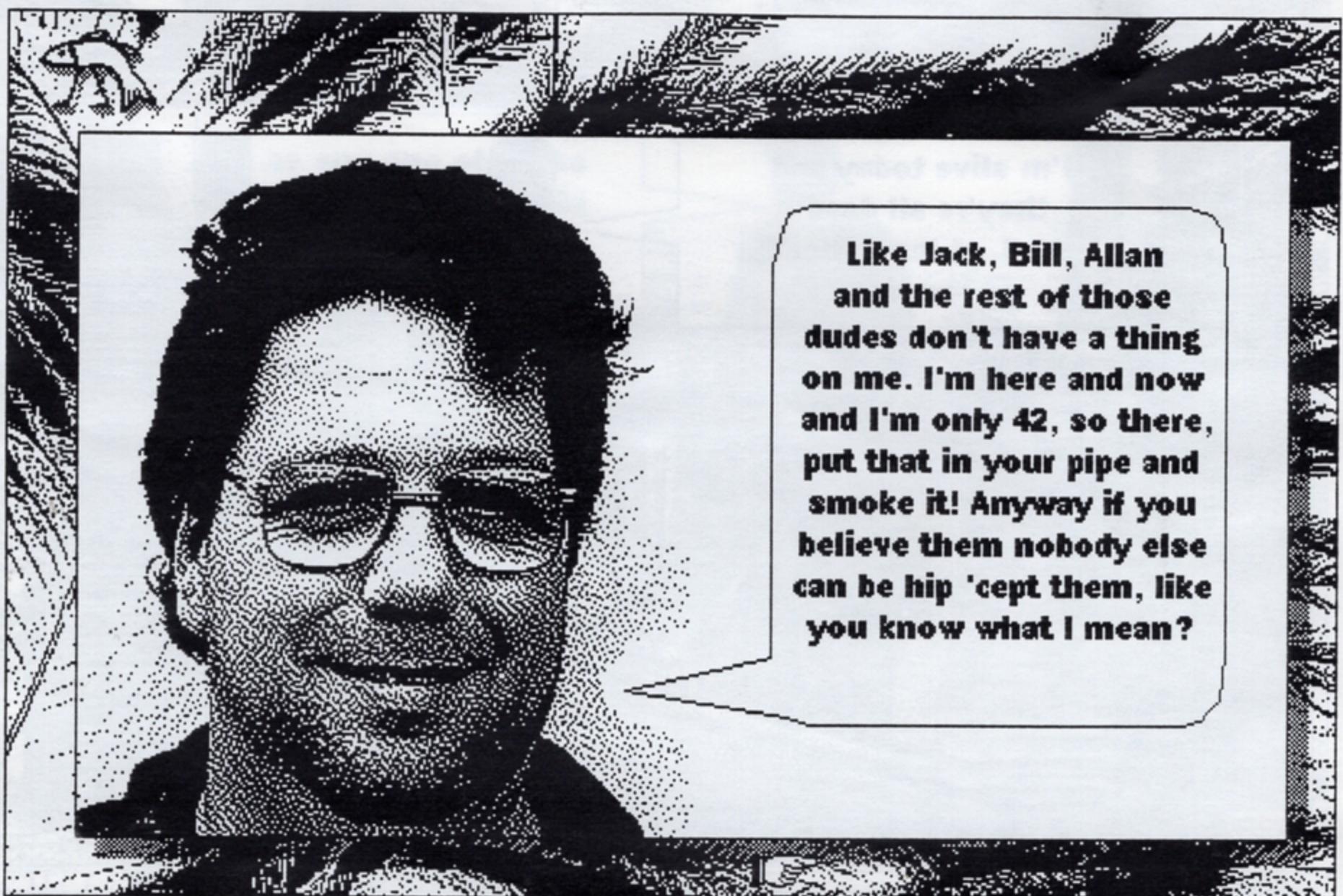


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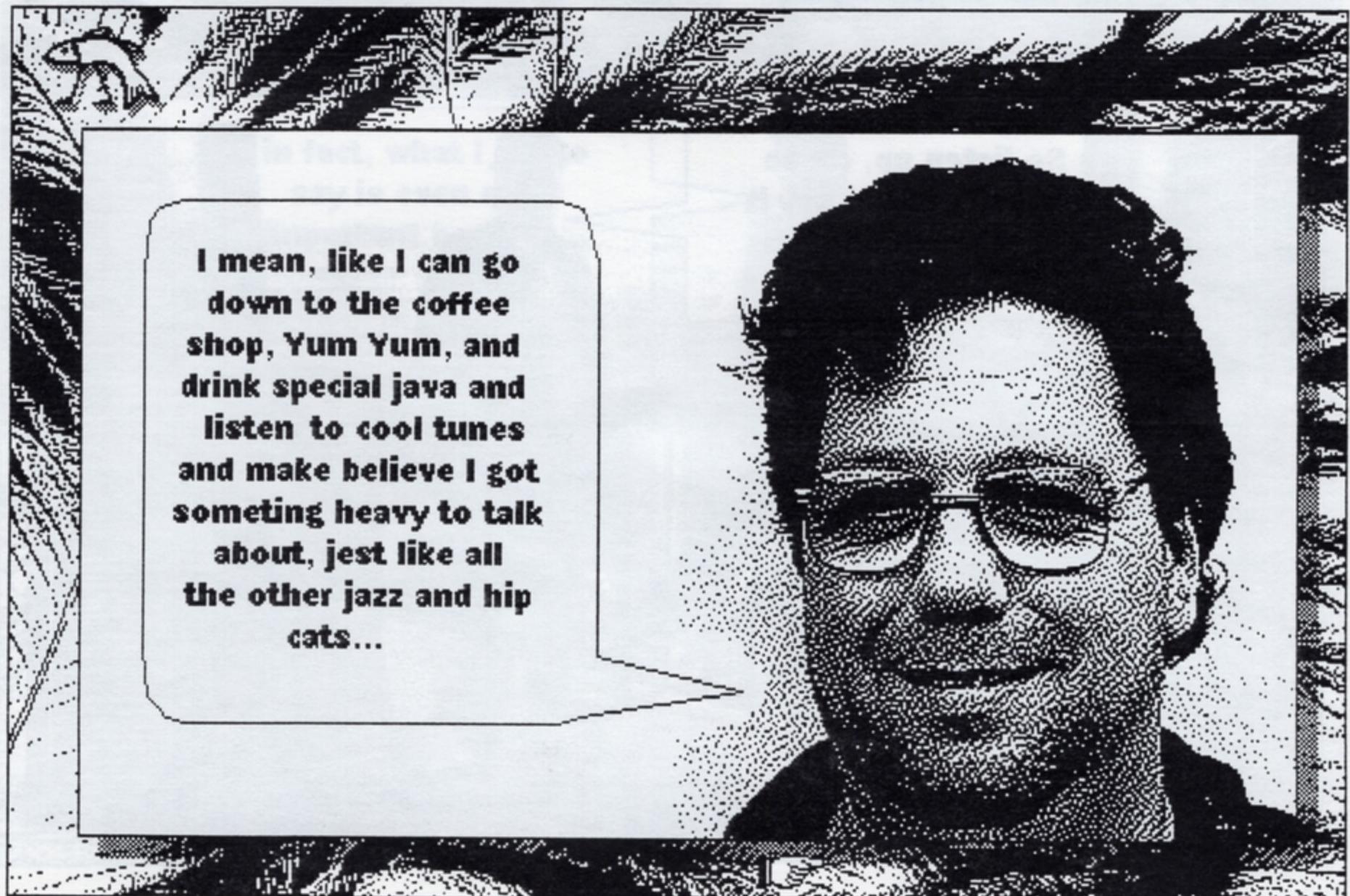


2015-04





**Like Jack, Bill, Allan
and the rest of those
dudes don't have a thing
on me. I'm here and now
and I'm only 42, so there,
put that in your pipe and
smoke it! Anyway if you
believe them nobody else
can be hip 'cept them, like
you know what I mean?**



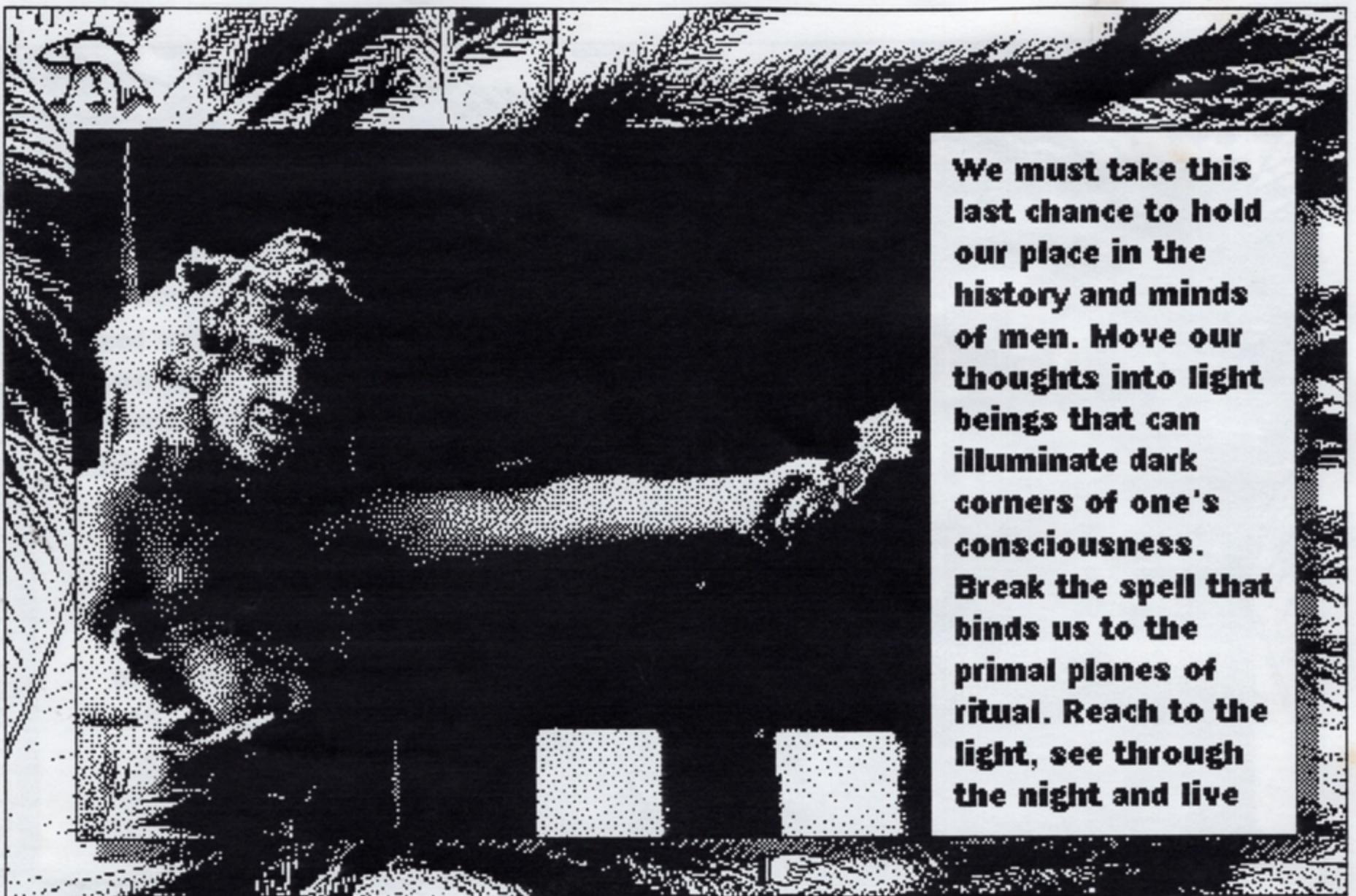
**I mean, like I can go
down to the coffee
shop, Yum Yum, and
drink special java and
listen to cool tunes
and make believe I got
someting heavy to talk
about, jest like all
the other jazz and hip
cats...**



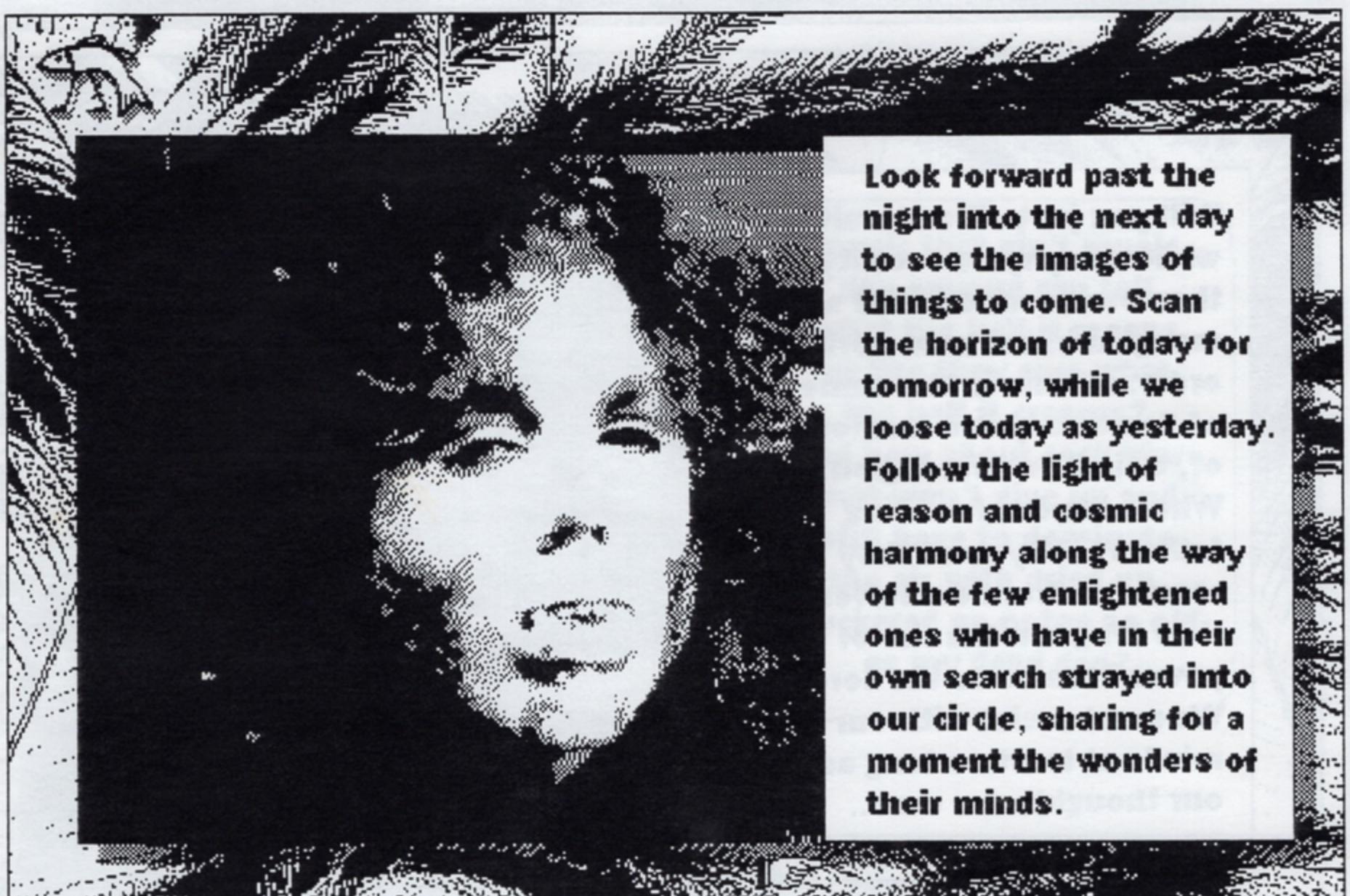
**What is it man?
Can you not see with
the eyes in your head?
Do we not know the loss
that we suffer from our
collective consciousness
when we allow our minds,
our thoughts to be read
by a benign protector
who only has our best
interests in their mind?
Have you not seen the
vicious writing on the
21st century wall?**



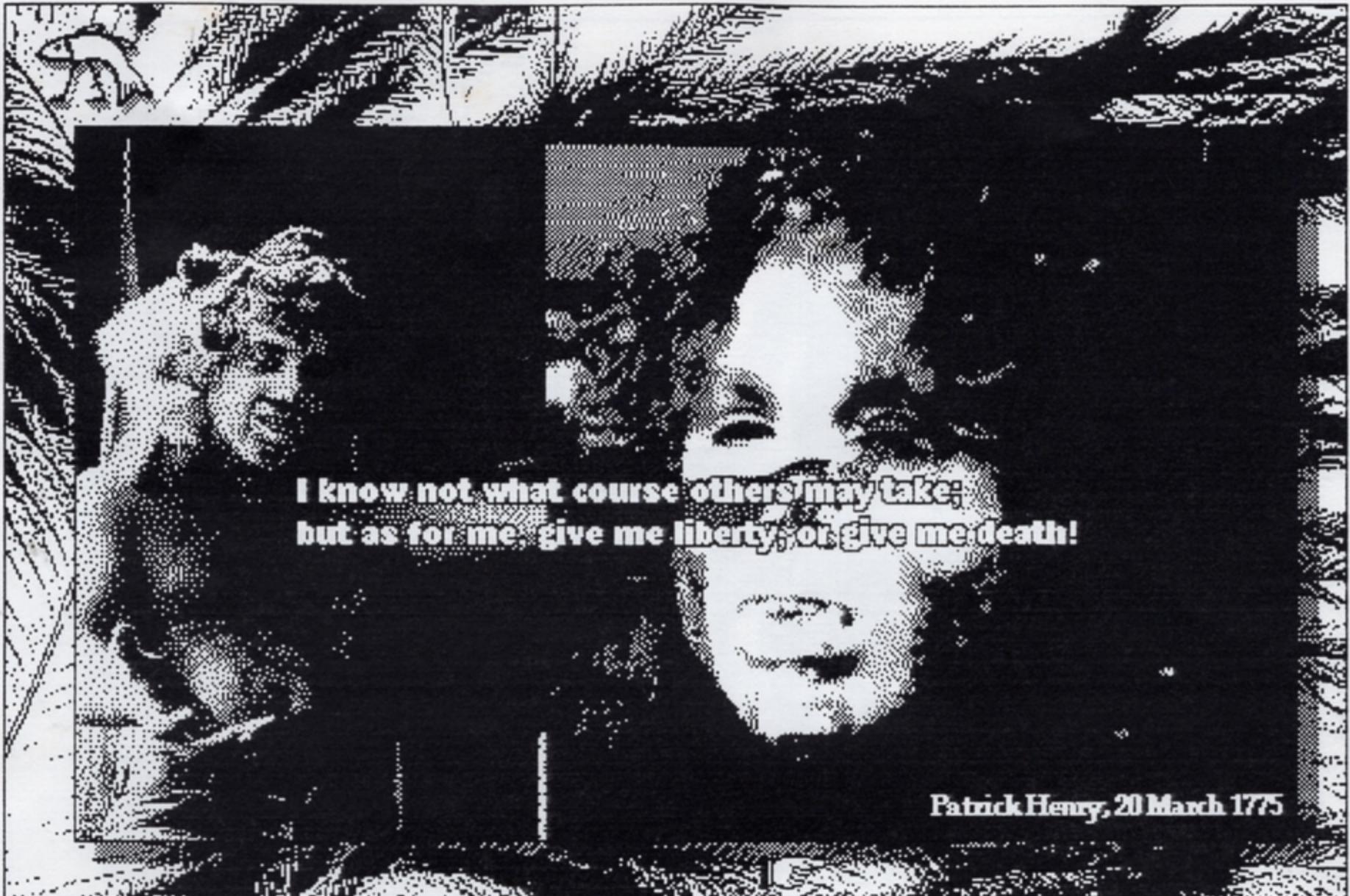
**Will you just sit and wait
while our physical reality
then our cosmic minds are
mangled in the new world
order. All this in the name
of democracy and freedom
of, or is it from, religion.
Where are our founding
fathers? Why can't they
rescue us from ourselves?
How long can the fire of
power burn us to the core?
We must resist with our
minds at least so long as
our thoughts are ours...**



We must take this last chance to hold our place in the history and minds of men. Move our thoughts into light beings that can illuminate dark corners of one's consciousness. Break the spell that binds us to the primal planes of ritual. Reach to the light, see through the night and live



Look forward past the night into the next day to see the images of things to come. Scan the horizon of today for tomorrow, while we loose today as yesterday. Follow the light of reason and cosmic harmony along the way of the few enlightened ones who have in their own search strayed into our circle, sharing for a moment the wonders of their minds.



I know not what course others may take;
but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry, 20 March 1775



Wake up dearie,
nap time is over!

The End, of life
as we knew it!

